

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. IX--NO. 50.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE, DANVILLE, KY.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON.

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1000 pounds Wanted at the Tribune Printing Office!

We will pay the highest market price in cash for any quantity of CLEAN LINEN AND COTTON RAGS that may be brought us. Rags will be received in payment of subscriptions, or any debts due this office. Bring them on.

Danville, May 31, '52

R. B. HALL, Glasgow, J. HEDDER, Town

EX. HANCOCK, FERRY,

Corner Main and Sixth Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

BY

HALL & BLEDSOE.

May 14, '52

E. HAMILTON,

PAINTER,

And Dealer in

Paints, Oils and Window Glass,

Main Street, opposite the Bank, DANVILLE, KY.

May 30, '52

A. H. BENTLEY, JOHN COWAN,

SAVED & COWAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DANVILLE, KY.

WILL give prompt and faithful attention to all business entrusted to them in Boyle or the adjoining counties. OFFICE on Main street, in the second story of Dr. Jackson's new building, adjoining the Butterfield House.

June 18, '52 if

BOYLE & ANDERSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DANVILLE, KY.

WILL continue to practice law in partnership with Boyle and adjoining counties. Office on Third street, opposite the Tribune Printing Office.

June 2, '52

SPEED S. FRY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL practice in the Courts of Boyle and the adjoining counties. Any business confided to him will be promptly attended to.

Feb 27, '52 if

R. E. & T. H. FOX,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DANVILLE, KY.

WILL attend to all business entrusted to them in Boyle and the adjoining counties. Office on Main street, immediately over the Post Office.

Feb 13, '52 if

J. J. McCORMACK,

Attorney at Law,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WILL attend with strict fidelity to all business entrusted to his care.

Refer to Boyle & Anderson, Danville, Ky.

May 29, 1852

A Weekly Whig Chronicle of the Times, the People, and the Country.

"WE SHALL ALWAYS BE VICTORIOUS WHEN WE ALL PULL TOGETHER!"

DANVILLE, KY., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1852.

PUBLISHERS.

IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO. 468.

DANVILLE:

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1852.

A cave has recently been discovered near Lafayette, Indiana, which is supposed to be larger than the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is now being explored.

We learn that a man named John Smith, murdered his wife at New Albany, Ind., on Friday evening last, by striking her on the head with a club. Jealousy is supposed to be the cause. Smith was arrested and placed in jail.

Some fifteen pieces of cannon, four of them copper, have lately been found under ground in Texas, on the site of the Alamo, where Travis, Bowie and Crockett so desperately fought and bravely fell in 1836.

The American population of Liberia is now about 8,000, inhabiting a territory stretched over 500 miles of coast. They have built about twenty cities and towns. They have made treaties by which one hundred thousand natives are brought under their laws, and nearly a million have abandoned the slave traffic.

A GRAND SCOTT RALLY.—An eloquent call has been issued by a Whig committee at Buffalo for the people of the Western New York, Western Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, the Lake region generally, and indeed the whole United States to assemble at Niagara Falls on the 27th of the present month, the anniversary of the battle of Niagara, to rally the nomination of Scott and Graham.

The Old Independence Bell.—The Philadelphia papers state that this relic of the times that tried men's souls has been brought down from the tower, and is in future to occupy a position in the Hall of Independence, upon a pedestal that has been prepared for it. This bell was cast ninety-nine years since, and from the prominent part it has taken in proclaiming liberty, will always be an object of interest to the visitors to the Hall of Independence.

We notice in an advertisement of "Morrison's Rheumatic Compound," a certificate, dated "Danville, Boyle county Ky., October 21st, 1851," purporting to be from the pen of Jno. M. Ross, M. D., of said place, and giving an account of a wonderful cure of Rheumatism on the person of "Mr. Leland, a young gentleman of Centre College." During the progress of the case "Dr. McFadden" was called in, who gave the patient no aid beyond relief. The certificate states that "hundreds of the citizens of Danville can testify to the facts of this case." This certificate is entirely spurious, no such persons as Ross, Leland, or McFadden are now, or ever have been, so far as we are acquainted or can learn, citizens of this place or county.

The Woster (D) Democrat of a reward of fifty dollars to the Whig who tells the biggest lie on Gen. Pierce, to be paid when Gen. Scott is elected President.—E.

We are not much of a hand at fibbing, but we will try our hand at it. So here it goes: He was the unanimous choice of the Democratic party, previous to his nomination! There it is, anybody can see that it will reflect on our capacities wonderfully.—Aurora Standard.

We can. He will be elected. (May the Lord forgive us!)—Mad. Banner.

Pshaw!—the above is no what. He didn't faint! (Pork that fifty over).—Dedour Press.

We'll take the cash. He was a leading member in Congress; has always favored internal improvements; and the protection of Home Industry; did not vote against the bill for the benefit of the unfortunate Sigsbee Harrison, and, in short would make a good President! (What an awful lie!) The Woster Democrat will please hold that fifty subject to our order.

A NEW METHOD OF COMPUTING INTEREST.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun communicates the following simple mode of computing interest at 6 per cent. per any number of days. It is easily tried.

Divide the number of days by 6, and multiply the dollars by the dividend, and the result is the interest in decimals; cut off the right hand figure, and you have the interest in dollars and cents. Thus: what is the interest on \$100 for 21 days? Twenty-one divided by 6 is 3; 100 multiplied by 3 is 300, or 30 cents. Again: what is the interest on \$378 for 93 days? Ninety-three divided by 6 is 15; 378 multiplied by 15 is 5,670, or \$56.70. Let the book-keepers try this rule, and they will find that it is no humbug!

What's motto.—"The union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union."

Political Clippings.

The Locals of Ellensburg, Ia., have made two or three attempts to raise a Pierce pole, but each time they grew faint, and the pole fell. They will have to nerve themselves for another effort, as it will never do to give it up so.

Who is Pierce?—[Exchange.] He was Brigadier in the Mexican war, and fought at— and at—we don't know where; but he killed Cass, and Douglas, and Buchanan, and Marcy, and a dozen or so other "fogies."—Raleigh Register.

General Pierce resides in the town of Concord, and the whole Democratic party will soon be in a state of concord.

New Hampshire Patriot.

Perhaps you mean that your interesting party will soon be in a conquered state.

The Malicious publishes a General Pierce song to the air of the "White Cockade." Very appropriate, as that is the name of the White feather. Democrats are expected to faint at the end of each verse in singing it.—Evansville Journal.

One "fixed fact" is that Frank Pierce is to be our next President.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Frank Pierce on horseback was supposed to be a fixed fact in Mexico, but that fixed fact was unfixed on several rather interesting occasions.—Jour.

The editor of the Democrat tells his readers that the Whig party is "in a state of total shipwreck and disorganization." He and his readers are perfectly welcome to hug this delusion to their bosoms until the victorious Whig legion shall come thundering down upon them in November.—Jour.

The same persons and presses that now abuse Gen. Scott denounce Gen. Harrison, in 1840, as an Abolitionist, a granny, a simpleton, a coward, and a seducer. They denounced Henry Clay, in 1843, as an Abolitionist, a traitor, a murderer, a brandy-drinker, and a black-leg. They denounced Gen. Taylor, in 1848, as an Abolitionist, a weakling, an ignoramus, a breaker of pledges, a falsifier of the truth, and a willful slanderer. They are welcome to apply all these old epithets to Gen. Scott and as many new ones as they can invent for the special occasion.—Jour.

The Washington Union says that if you take away from Gen. Scott the record of his battles, there will be nothing left of him.

Well, we will admit that Scott, like Washington, is much indebted to the record of his battles for his world-wide fame, and by taking that away from him, you would, indeed, take an immense deal from him. He cannot afford any such loss, but the Democratic candidate would be none the worse in public estimation if the record of his battles were taken away from him. As every juvenile arithmetician says, take naught from naught and naught remains.—Jour.

Victory is Scott's by prescription. We have read the decrees of fate in the countenances of our Democratic friends for more than two months. The shudder with which the name of Scott never failed to inspire them, has been to us an infallible augury of the future. They felt that Scott's three wars and ten pitched battles must outweigh Pierce's four pumbles from horseback. The scowls on their countenances were the shadows cast before by coming events.—Richmond Whig.

Mrs. PARTINGTON.—"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," says Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, and cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things only come from a tender and not a tender heart."

When Lord Erskine, going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength—a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed an out of the bed."—Frisco.

"I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." "I don't believe you have," rejoined his lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

SOMETHING GRAPHIC.—The following letter was written some time since by a boy down in Alabama to his father in Georgia:

ADAMANTY, PIERCE CO., Jan 1851...

Dear Daddy—Corn is riz and brother Henry is dead likewise.

Yours omnipotent,

JOHN McCLEURE.

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a peculiar way, said: "Do not let any one else gimp me!"

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off!"

The most miserable man in this world, is an honest man over head and ears in debt.

Strong words indicate a weak cause. The more a man swears, the easier he is lied.

A man in Georgia has just invented a pulitice, of such power that they are used for drawing canal boats.



There is "KATE" again. Her beautiful productions are always welcome to our columns.

For the Kentucky Tribune.

MY LITTLE NIECE.

I would not ask to change my lot

To one of high degree—

Nor would I ask for jewels rare

Of dazzling brilliancy—

Could I but call on treasure mine,

More priceless than gold;

It is a precious living gem

That's scarcely three years old.

Her fragile, little, fairy form

At early morn is seen,

Almost concealed among the flow'rs,

And buds and leaves so green;

'Tis pleasing to behold,

How like they are, the opening bud

And 'till scarce three years old.

And when her brothers gather round,

All full of childish glee,

No step is half so light and free

No laugh so merrily and true;

No hands more busy than her own,

Nor voice more clear and bold—

For she's a happy, joyous thing,

This child scarce three years old.

O! would that this could be

That she might grow to womanhood

The troubles that we pilgrims here

Are called to undergo;

Would that to her the cares of life

Might be a tale untold—

O! would that she could always be

Some three or four years old.

FARMINGTON, IOWA.

WHY CALL THEM TRIFLES.

A flower, given by one we love,

Is prized far more than sparkling gems;

A smile, a look, a gentle word,

Outweighs the costliest diamonds;

A tear upon the loved one's cheek,

Will make the blindest spirit weal;

A look of pain, of grief, or care,

Will turn the rose to lily pale.

A look of scorn hath led to hate,

A kindly smile hath won a heart;

The one leaves but unhappiness,

The other's joy shall never depart.

Then why should we those trifles call,

Which make the sum of life, the all

That men deem live for here below—

And make him joy or sorrow know?

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The right to wake when others sleep;

The right to watch, the right to weep;

The right to comfort in distress;

The right to soothe, the right to bless;

The right to bid the orphan cheer;

The right to dry the orphan's tear;

The right to feed and clothe a poor,

The right to teach them to endure;

The right, when other friends have flown,

And left the sufferer all alone,

To kneel that dying couch beside,

And meekly point to Him who died;

Which right, for Jesus' sake, to make

In any happy home to wake

Rights, such as these, are all we crave,

Until our last—a quiet grave.

A gentleman named Mudd having married a lady named Mayden, gave rise to the following puns:

Let's wife, he said in days of yore,

For one rebellious wife

Was turned, as we are plainly told,

Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity of change

Still runs in human blood,

For here we have a case in strange—

A Mayden turned to Mudd.

Riding on the Rail.

Singing through the forests,

Rattling over ridges,

Shooting under arches,

Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing o'er the mountains,

Blazing o'er the valleys,

Bless my life! 'tis pleasant,

Riding on the rail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eating a Dutchman.

A YANKEE TRICK.

A Yankee pedlar travelling through York State, some twenty years since, "put up" at the house of a Dutch tavern keeper for the night, at the close of one fine summer day. At that time, the peculiar prejudices of the Dutch people of that section, were strongly shown in their jealousy of the "Yankees." Our traveler was one who seemed to take particular delight in annoying any descendant of the pilgrims who chanced to fall in his way, and it may be supposed that he did not neglect any opportunity that presented itself during the stay of the Yankee pedlar to quiz him, or make him the butt of his sly jokes.

Our Yankee friend was not exactly green, though he kept a very quiet demeanor until the morning, by which time he had matured a plan for giving the Dutchman an explanation of the old adage, "what is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander."

The morning sun had dispelled the mist of the night, Jonathan had hitched his horse to his cart, and brought them up before the door, ready for a start, after he should have finished his breakfast. Breakfast passed and Jonathan having settled his bill; felt himself at liberty to meet the Dutchman half way in any shape that he might choose to approach, and as a signal for a more perfect understanding of his readiness, he let into him in this sort:

"Now, Old Sourkrout, before I go, I have one thing, the last of a large assortment, that I want to sell you. You know you are a very prudent, economical sort of a man, and one would answer for your whole family, and you could let your neighbors use it after you had got done with it."

"Not in dunder is it?" asked Sourkrout.

"Wall, you see now," says Jonathan, "when I laid in my stock, I bought a

prime lot o' messles, and I sold 'em all out, except one, and I kinder thought, 'seem' how you was a very savvy' sort of a man, I could let you have that one messle, a cause you could make it go round!" and Jonathan had the laugh all to himself.

The Dutchman began to bluster as soon as he got the idea "through his wool,"—and thinking he could do as he chose with the apparently green Yankee, he commenced bullying.

"Look-a-here, mister, none of your tricks upon travellers," says Jonathan; "needn't think you can scare a Yankee, no how. Why, rot your old cabbage garden, I've known a Yankee to eat such a Dutchman as you before breakfast."

"A Yankee eat a Dutchman! That's a likely story. I'll pet ye yif tollar you can't eat me."

"I'll take that bet," says the Yankee; "coll in your neighbors to see fair play."

The neighbors were called in, and the preliminaries arranged, in which it was agreed that the Dutchman should take off his boots, wash his feet, and lay down on the table, whereupon the snakes were put up.

The Dutchman was "laid out," and Jonathan proceeded very deliberately to untie his neck and unbutton his shirt collar, preparatory to his cannibal feast.

